

WAS SHE HYPNOTIZED

Mrs. Clauss's Strange Story of Her Relations with Snickly.

Went to Milwaukee with Him Under Duress, She Says.

When Her Husband Died She Broke with the Coachman.

Andrew F. Snickly, the German coachman who was arrested yesterday for attempting to shoot the rich widow, Wilhelmina Clauss, at her home, 946 Bushwick avenue, was arraigned in Federal Police Court this morning and held in \$1,500 bail for further examination on Friday next.

She made her complaint, confining her statements entirely to Snickly's alleged annoyances and disorders about her house. The coachman then told his story, and as he proceeded he became emotional. He told of the trip to Milwaukee, of Mrs. Clauss's love affairs, and of his own sufferings under her domination. His language was of the florid, sentimental type, but it was full of heart-strings and "madness to the point of madness" in his "love" for her. He solemnly averred that his only intention was to kill himself at her feet, and that he meant no harm to her or her relatives.

He drew from his pocket a little folding card, covered with gold bells, doves and transfixed hearts. From a tiny envelope within this he drew a piece of card on which he had written a German farewell. He also handed the judge a letter in German which announced his intention to die for love.

Justice Gully turned upon Mrs. Clauss with a few pointed questions about her relations with the prisoner. She denied everything, and said she had never seen Snickly since he was taken to Milwaukee, and this she said she could not explain, as she was completely under his domination.

She declared that Snickly was insane, and she wanted him held for an examination into his mental condition. "It is my opinion," said the judge, sternly regarding the woman, "that you are largely responsible for the condition of this man's mind."

Snickly then made the stubbornly repeated declaration that he would live to live for her, and would kill himself at her feet on the spot.

There were witnesses to swear that Snickly is crazy. A madman once ran an express train filled with passengers all the way from Kansas City to Chicago, but it baffles credit that a man of unbounded mind could enter a rich man's family as a coachman and within a few months drive his employer into the divorce court and to death, and compel the employer's wife to make an involuntary sojourn of two months in distant Milwaukee.

All this and very much more Snickly is alleged to have done.

THE WIDOW CLAUSS. Snickly may be only an "otter," but he carries, pent up in his German bosom, the force of a Prince Bismarck. He is on trial as the villain or hero in one of the most curious romances and hopelessly mixed up pieces of adventure that ever made a poor, bewildered magistrate scratch his head.

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FIRE FIVE SHOTS.

Mrs. Gully's Pistol Call for Protection from Her Husband.

The Captain Had Tried to Break Into Her Flat.

She Wants a Divorce, but He Won't Leave Her.

Five pistol shots and hysterical cries for help in a piercing feminine voice aroused the neighborhood and created no end of excitement near Third avenue and Twenty-third street, Brooklyn, at about 11:30 o'clock last night.

A policeman who finally appeared on the scene found Mrs. John Gully lying on the floor, bleeding from a wound in her head, and behaving in a most extraordinary manner, on top of a shed in the rear of 724 Third avenue. She was very much agitated and nervous, and apparently frightened half to death.

Her confidence returned as the brass buttons of the bluecoat drew nearer, and she was induced to descend from her perch on the shed.

Mrs. Gully, it seems, has not lived with her husband, Capt. John Gully, since the beginning of last month, and has an action for divorce pending against him in the courts.

She was away from the city last week, it seems, and during her absence the captain, who she said she had never seen since, called at her flat about twenty times.

Last night the captain called again. In answer to his knock for admission, Mrs. Gully asked who was at the door. He disguised his voice, but she said she knew it was him.

She wanted to speak to her a few minutes, she said, and she asked him to come in. She told him to go away; that she would not open the door. The captain got angry. He beat the door with his fist and split one of the panels.

When Capt. Gully heard the shots he jumped to his feet, ran to the door, and disappeared up Third avenue. The police were unable to find him in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Gully, who works in this city, is a widow. She has a young son, and she said she would repeat a visit to the police station if he did not leave her.

Then Tully Begged Hard to Be Taken to the Hospital.

No Wonder, for He Went Home with a "Jag" at 2 A. M.

Mrs. Tully, of 440 Marcy avenue, Williamsburg, heard a noise at the door about 2 o'clock this morning, and, going to investigate, she saw her husband lying on the step, his face covered with blood.

In the belief that he had been attacked by highwaymen she screamed lustily, and soon half a dozen policemen arrived. Ambulance driver Babbington, who responded to the call, said that the man had injured himself by falling against the door.

"So he was drunk," he remarked. Mrs. Tully, with an ominous frown, declared that her husband was not drunk, but that he was "jagged."

Tully declared earnestly that he wanted to go to the hospital, but she insisted that he be taken home. She said she was in store for him while being taken into the house.

Then the six policemen dispersed and left the unhappy man to his fate.

MAY LOSE AN ARM.

Mrs. Gleason Says Her Husband Struck Her with a Chair.

CONY ISLAND, L. I., Aug. 27.—Mrs. Louis Gleason, of Fifteenth street, West Brighton, went to Dr. J. W. Pierce this morning to have her arm, which had been injured by a blow from a chair, examined.

The doctor discovered that it had been broken. Mrs. Gleason said that her husband had struck her with the chair three days ago with a chair. The arm is badly swollen, and Mrs. Gleason said she was in a state of shock.

She was taken to the hospital, and the doctor said she might lose her arm if the swelling does not go down.

Under her pillow.

Barrett Slept Soundly While Burglars Took His Watch and Money.

When C. J. Barrett, of 62 Conyness street, Williamsburg, awoke this morning he found that burglars had visited him during the night and secured \$200 in gold, silver, and cash, and a dozen silver spoons.

The money was in a pocketbook under his pillow. Barrett said he was in a state of shock.

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BLINDED A BURGLAR.

Druggist Windolf's Only Weapon Was Strong Ammonia.

Two Thieves Broke Into His Store and One Was Captured.

Dived Through His Plate Glass Window to Escape.

Joseph Phillips, a neatly dressed eighteen-year-old burglar, stood before Justice Tighe in the Butler Street Court, Brooklyn, this morning, a victim of the potent influence of concentrated ammonia.

The pungent fumes were too much for his nose, and he pleaded guilty to the charge of breaking into the drug store of J. F. Windolf, 64 State street.

About 1 o'clock this morning Mr. Windolf, who sleeps in a room in the rear of his store, heard a noise which aroused his suspicions. He crawled out of bed to a window behind the counter. He could not see but he felt all that was going on in the front part of the store.

He saw a man working at the fanlight. The intruder managed to open the fan light enough to crawl through. He dropped to the floor.

Meanwhile Mr. Windolf was silently looking for some weapon of defense. He first thought of seizing a heavy pestle, but, changing his mind, he took down the big bottle of concentrated ammonia and poured out six ounces into his hand.

From his lookout he could see another man making preparations to crawl through the fan light. The man easily gained an entrance.

By this time the first visitor was behind the counter, and the second was about to enter. Phillips heard him, and called out.

"If you make any more noise, I will break your head," Windolf continued his noise, just to drive the burglars out, and the runner fled.

Phillips advanced to the prescription counter and opened a door in his head in a position where Windolf, standing behind the counter, could get a line on him with his eye and his weapon.

Without a word, he let all of it fly at the burglar, and caught him between the eyes, blinding him.

The man dropped like a log to the floor. Phillips then started to climb up the door to the fanlight.

Phillips partially recovered himself and staggered to the middle of the floor, where he saw the second burglar. Then Mr. Windolf started out from the prescription counter.

Phillips turned to his feet, and staggering to the front of the store tried to unlock the door. The key was not there. In an instant he was back and running with all his might took a header through the plate glass door. He landed out on the sidewalk.

His companion in crime made a rush from behind the counter.

Windolf was at his heels, and covered the back of the fellow's head with the extreme end of his ammonia bottle. The burglar fell back, and the door was closed.

Phillips was so handicapped with Phillips that he could not catch the second burglar. Phillips told the officers at the Sixth avenue station that he lived in Clinton, New York, and had been in the city for a short time.

He said he had a furnished room at 76 Madison street, New York, and that he had been in the city for a short time.

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JACK MAULIFFE OR GRIFFO?

The Former Has Advantages of Weight, Height and Reach.

Four Interesting Bouts at the Seaside Athletic Club To-Night.

Everything is in readiness for the tournament of the Seaside Athletic Club, which begins at 8:30 o'clock to-night. Mauliffe and Griffio are the stars, and they will be followed by two boxing bouts and a catch-as-catch-can wrestling contest. These bouts will be at 10 o'clock, of Philadelphia, and Charlie Burns, of Cincinnati, eight rounds, at 13 pounds; Sam Sullivan, of New York, and Jack Madden, of Brooklyn, six rounds, at 16 pounds. The wrestlers are Homer Lane and Joe Ryan, who will struggle on the mat for the best of three bouts.

There was a big crowd of excursionists at Seaside Rock yesterday, and all wanted to see the fight between Mauliffe and Griffio. The car in charge of Conductor Bagley was crowded, and persons stood on the roof, but were not allowed to get on the steps. The railroad employees were unable to keep the crowd back. Supt. Tidman said that the crowd was so bad that he had to order the car to be moved.

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